

DEC. NO. 82

# JUMBO COMICS



**SHEENA** JUNGLE QUEEN  
IN "GHOST RIDERS & THE  
GOLDEN TUSKERS"

10¢



# SHEENA AND THE LAKE MONSTER

By  
W. Morgan Thomas

**S**HEENA and Bob were harvesting coconuts and burying them in a shallow cranny in the swift moving brook. There they would cool and serve as instant refreshment or nourishment against the jungle heat.

As the last of this task was being completed, a sudden fury of sound filled the air. Voices shrill and sharp cut the afternoon sunshine. Sheena leaped to her feet.

"The parrots! Against all jungle rules someone disturbs their sanctuary! We must find out who this intruder is!"

"Listen to that racket! Say, wait for me." Bob hastened to keep up with the fleet figure of the jungle queen as she took to the trees.

It wasn't difficult to discover the cause of the disturbance. A young native, surrounded by the gay colored birds was trying desperately to seize one of them in his hands, despite the furor he caused about him.

With a frown for such actions, Sheena recognized the jungle lawbreaker.

"Tessa! I am surprised to find you doing this!"

Shamefaced, the young lad paused while a hundred birds crying in fury and fear whirled about his head. He gave a brief and startling reply.

"Tessa hungry. Na eat in many days. Tessa eat parrot. Bring par-

rot for aged father to eat, also."

Hunger is not unknown in the jungle, but it was difficult to imagine in this fertile spot. The brook ran free and saving abruptly into a small lake where the village natives fished for food. Across the lake was a beautiful and bonniful forest. Abandoning in game, it was the only hunting ground used by the numerous tribes in the vicinity.

It was Sheena's knowledge of this that made Tessa's answer seem almost absurd.

"Is there a reason why you do not eat?" Sheena asked sternly, but her eyes were questioning the boy gravely. "Are you too lazy to fish, or too frightened to hunt?"

"Tessa never lazy. Tessa frightened. All Tessa's tribe frightened. Did the great Sheena not hear of the man-killer in the lake?"

"What killer, son?" asked Bob with a frown. This sounded like trouble.

"The water monster!" Tessa breathed the words in a terror that was genuine. "He is as long as a young tree, and silent as a snake, but his great jaws are always waiting to devour anyone that goes near the lake!"

"He isn't joking, Sheena. Not according to that look on his face when he speaks of this so-called monster. What do you suppose it is? A giant croc?"

"Time is wasted trying to solve such a riddle, Bob. Come, we go

and seek the chief of Tessa's tribe. He can tell us more."

"That's the Ovia chieftain, isn't it? The one that rules the smallest tribe in these parts. . . ."

"Small, yes. But powerful and fearless. That's why Tessa's water monster interests me," replied Sheena over her shoulder as she took to the trees to wing through them with the speed and grace of a jungle creature, and the range of her words drifted from the usual urge to hurry as she said goodbye to the astonished native on the ground below.

When they arrived at the settlement, a strange scene met them. Gathered on the sandy shores of the lake were natives appeared to be the entire tribe circled about the body of a native who lay face down on the grassless ground.

Sheena went first to the chief, and Bob arrived behind her in time to hear him explain in troubled words that the water monster had just claimed another brave who dared to take a water canoe onto the lake. The dead man's head was grotesquely twisted to one side and deep traces of giant square teeth scarred his shoulder. Even Sheena had to admit she had never encountered such a thing before. Yet this did not stymie her, for she was soon climbing into a light water craft, armed with a strong spear she borrowed from a frightened native. There

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A  
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HOUSE  
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**SHEENA** JUNGLE QUEEN  
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# SHEENA

## Queen of the Jungle

By W. MORGAN □ OMAS

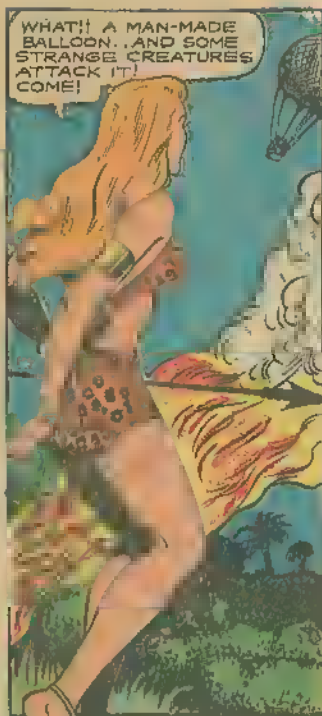
OUT OF THE JUNGLE SKY SOARED STRANGE CREATURES, DEVIL-BEASTS SEEKING PREY FOR THEIR SACRED PIT MONSTERS. AND SHEENA'S MATE WAS DESTINED TO BE FIRST BLOOD, TO WALK THE PLANK OF DEATH!



ENOUGH, BOB. OUR SHAFTS ARE TEMPERED NOW.

SHEENA IN THE SKY THERE... LOOK

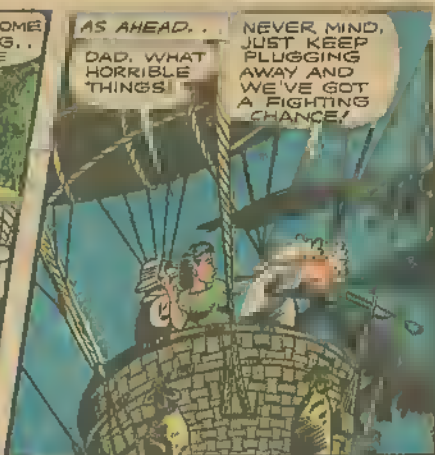




WHAT! A MAN-MADE  
BALLOON... AND SOME  
STRANGE CREATURES  
ATTACK IT!  
COME!



IT'S TRYING TO COME  
IN FOR A LANDING...  
LOOK... STRANGE  
DEVIL-BIRDS  
SURROUND IT!



AS AHEAD...  
DAD, WHAT  
HORRIBLE  
THINGS!

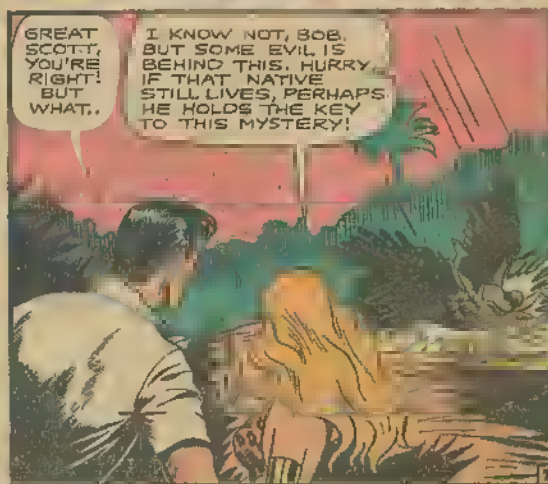
NEVER MIND,  
JUST KEEP  
PLUGGING  
AWAY AND  
WE'VE GOT  
A FIGHTING  
CHANCE!



THANK HEAVENS, THOSE  
PEOPLE BELOW ARE  
HELPING US DRIVE  
THEM OFF! THERE,  
THAT'S ANOTHER  
ONE!

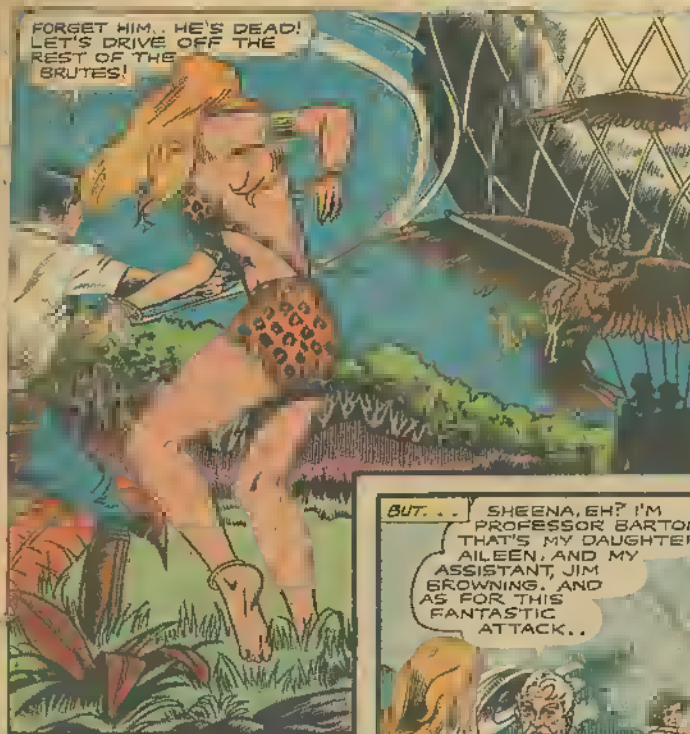


BACK, BACK, IT'S  
GOING TO CRASH!  
W-WHY, THE  
GIANT BIRD HAS  
A NATIVE  
STRAPPED  
TO ITS BACK!



GREAT  
SCOTT,  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT!  
BUT  
WHAT..

I KNOW NOT, BOB.  
BUT SOME EVIL IS  
BEHIND THIS. HURRY  
IF THAT NATIVE  
STILL LIVES, PERHAPS  
HE HOLDS THE KEY  
TO THIS MYSTERY!

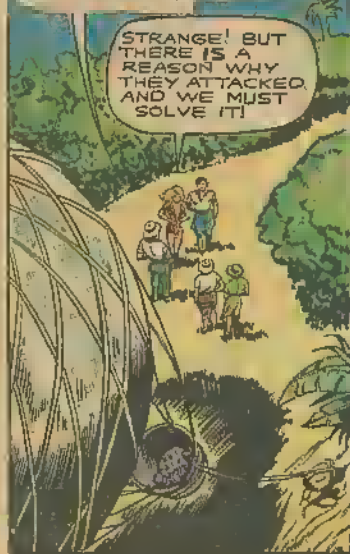


FORGET HIM. HE'S DEAD!  
LET'S DRIVE OFF THE  
REST OF THE  
BRUTES!



LOOK... THE FEW  
THAT ARE STILL  
ALIVE FLY AWAY.  
COME, PERHAPS  
THE WHITES CAN  
EXPLAIN!

I CAN'T POSSIBLY EXPLAIN.  
WE WERE EXPLORING THE  
HIGHER REGIONS, LOOKING FOR  
THE LOST LANDS OF GHAMA WHEN  
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE  
CLOUDS, CAME THESE  
SKY-DEVILS!



STRANGE! BUT  
THERE IS A  
REASON WHY  
THEY ATTACKED  
AND WE MUST  
SOLVE IT!

BUT... SHEENA, EH? I'M  
PROFESSOR BARTON.  
THAT'S MY DAUGHTER  
AILEEN, AND MY  
ASSISTANT, JIM  
BROWNING. AND  
AS FOR THIS  
FANTASTIC  
ATTACK...



AS FAR AHEAD, THE  
PYGMIES GUIDE THEIR  
FEATHERED MOUNTS  
TOWARD A HIGH EYRIE.



AND...

WE BRING NO  
PRISONERS, NETANNA.  
WHITE ONE CALLED  
SHEENA DRIVE US OFF  
MERCY, O QUEEN,  
MERCY!



YOU  
FAILED!  
FAILED!



KNOW YOU NOT  
DUANGO, OUR IDOL  
MUST HAVE WHITE  
SACRIFICES ONCE  
EACH YEAR? HERE  
IS YOUR MERCY...  
GUARDS... THROW  
THEM TO THE  
PIT SNAKES!

NO-NO!  
HELP!

BUT, RELENTLESSLY COILS  
OF DEATH TIGHTEN...

HQ, BIRDS  
OF DEATH,  
LOOK AT  
ME, YOUR  
MISTRESS.  
MORE MOUNTS  
DO I NEED!

THEN...

SUDDENLY...

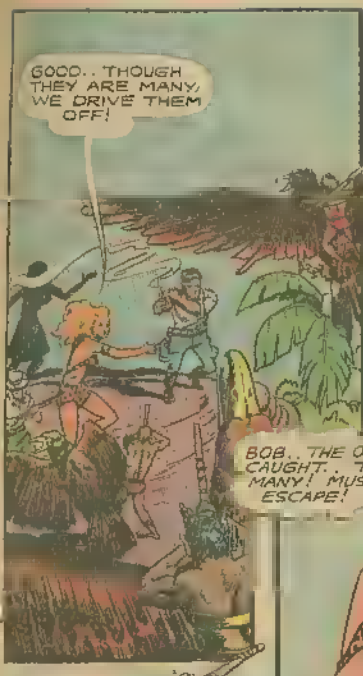
AIEE! SKY  
DEVILS OBEY.  
NETANNA'S  
POWER IS  
GREAT! COME,  
WE WILL RIDE  
THE BIRDS!

AS AHEAD...

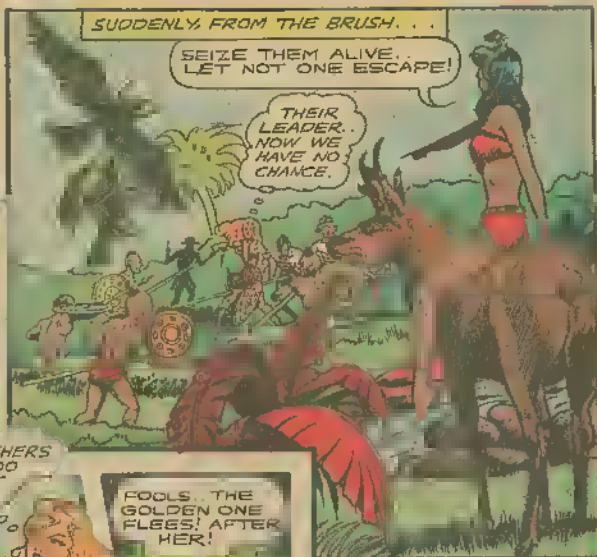
I HAVE SEEN THE GIANT  
BIRDS BEFORE, BUT  
NEVER HAVE I KNOWN  
ANYONE TO TAME THE  
FIERCE BEASTS!

LOOK... LOOK!  
AGAIN THEY  
ATTACK... AND  
THIS TIME THEIR  
NUMBER IS GREAT!

DOWN! WE  
MUST NOT  
FAIL!



GOOD... THOUGH THEY ARE MANY, WE DRIVE THEM OFF!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE BRUSH...

SEIZE THEM ALIVE... LET NOT ONE ESCAPE!

THEIR LEADER... NOW WE HAVE NO CHANCE.

BOB... THE OTHERS CAUGHT... TOO MANY! MUST ESCAPE!

FOOLS, THE GOLDEN ONE FLEES! AFTER HER!



OHH!



BUT, MINUTES LATER...

SHEENA ESCAPED, BUT NO MATTER, BRING THE OTHERS... AND LEAVE THIS ONE. IT SEEMS AS THOUGH THE DEATH GODS HAVE CLAIMED HIS SPIRIT.

JUNGLE MILES LATER, APPROACHING THE BASE OF AN INSURMOUNTABLE CLIFF.

AND AS THE NATIVES DIVERT THE FALLS, HIGHER, HIGHER RISE THE CAGES...

INTO THE BASKETS... MAKE THE WATERFALL HIT THE BLADE WHEEL...



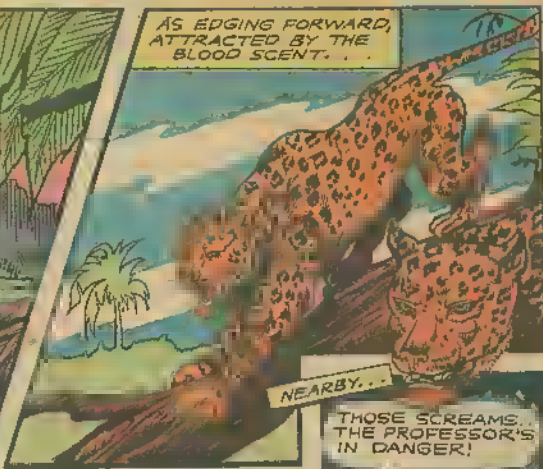


WHILE, AT THE SCENE OF BATTLE. . .

M-MY HEAD REELING. . .  
WHAT?? NOW I REMEMBER. . .  
THE ATTACK. . . I MUST  
HAVE BEEN LEFT FOR  
DEAD! LORD, WHAT A  
BLOODY MESS THIS  
PLACE IS!



AS EDGING FORWARD,  
ATTRACTED BY THE  
BLOOD SCENT. . .



NEARBY. . .

THOSE SCREAMS. . .  
THE PROFESSOR'S  
IN DANGER!

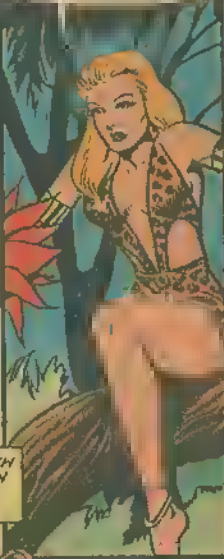
KILLER CATS!  
I'VE GOT A  
CHANCE IF I  
CAN RAISE MY  
GUN!



BUT. . .



OH! HELP!  
HELP!



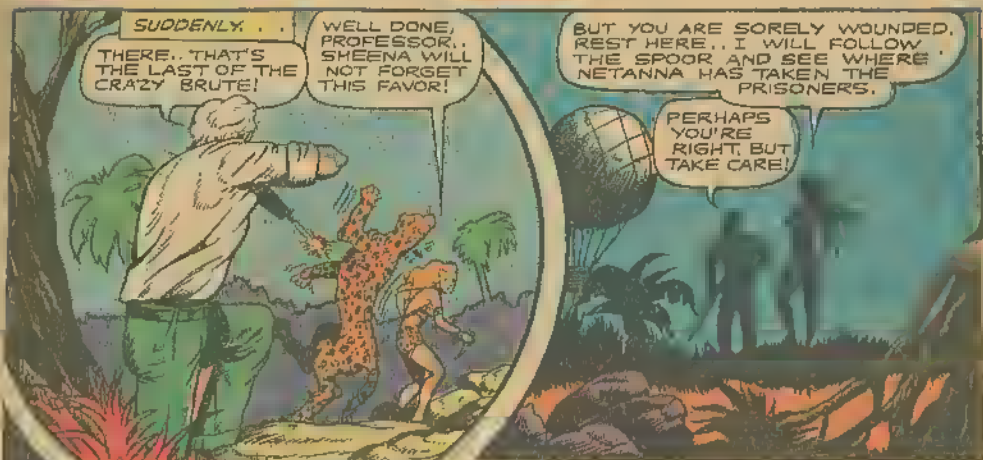
INSTANTLY. . .

HO, CLAWED  
ONES!  
FEAST NOT  
ON THE OLD  
MAN. TRY  
MY STEEL!



DEEP SINKS THE DEATH  
BLADE, BUT EVEN THEN  
THE OTHER PROWLER  
LEAPS FOR THE KILL!





SUDDENLY...  
THERE.. THAT'S  
THE LAST OF THE  
CRAZY BRUTE!

WELL DONE,  
PROFESSOR..  
SHEENA WILL  
NOT FORGET  
THIS FAVOR!

BUT YOU ARE SORELY WOUNDED.  
REST HERE... I WILL FOLLOW  
THE SPOOR AND SEE WHERE  
NETANNA HAS TAKEN THE  
PRISONERS.

PERHAPS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT, BUT  
TAKE CARE!

AND SOON...

SO, THE HIDEOUT IS ATOP THAT  
CLIFF, BUT THERE IS NO WAY  
UP EXCEPT BY THE BASKETS!  
OHH! THOSE APPROACHING  
NATIVES... PERHAPS...



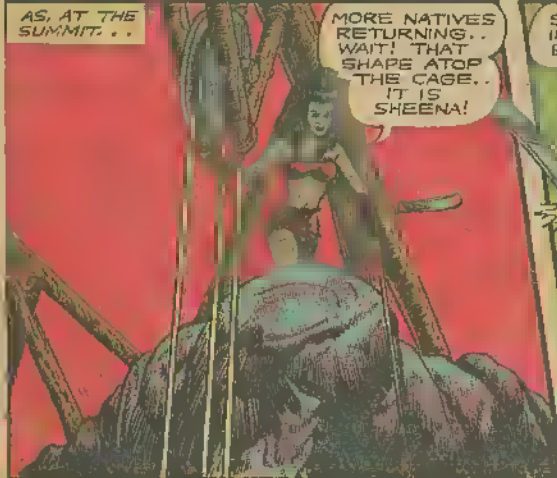
MINUTES LATER...

GODD! THEY  
HAVE NOT  
SEEN ME!



AS, AT THE  
SUMMIT...

MORE NATIVES  
RETURNING..  
WAIT! THAT  
SHAPE ATOP  
THE CASE..  
IT IS  
SHEENA!



SHE THINKS TO  
INVADE MY KINGDOM!  
BUT DIE... GOLDEN  
ONE... DIE!



DOWN, DOWN PLUNGES  
THE CAGE...



INTO THE NEARBY STREAM OF  
LONG NOSES.



DEVIL  
CROCS.  
I MUST  
STROKE  
SWIFTLY!

HELP!  
HELP!  
OHH...



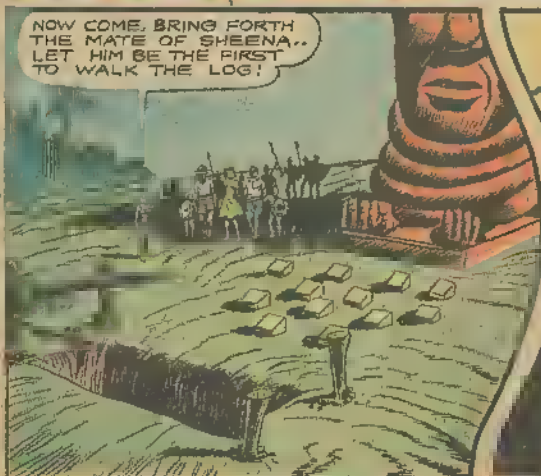
THE WATER STAINS RED, WHAT  
MATTER IF I LOST A FEW WARRIORS?  
TO SEE SHEENA DEAD IS WELL  
WORTH IT, BUT THE TIME HAS  
COME FOR THE SACRED PIT  
SNAKES TO RECEIVE THEIR  
OFFERING.



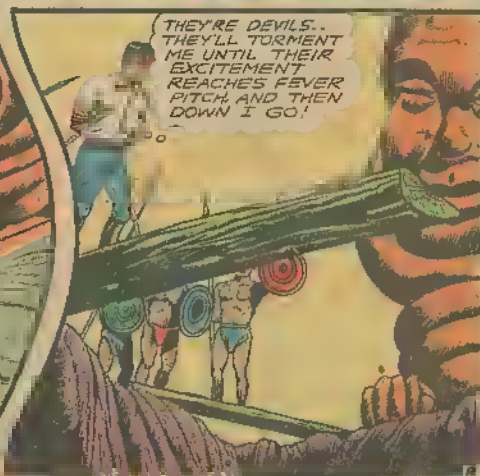
AND SOON, PLACED  
HALF OVER THE PIT  
OF COILS...



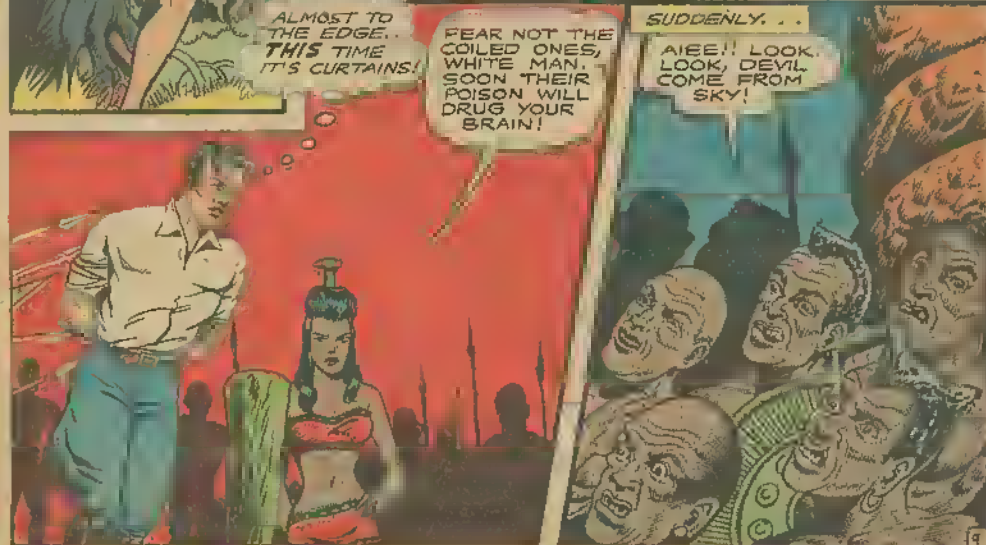
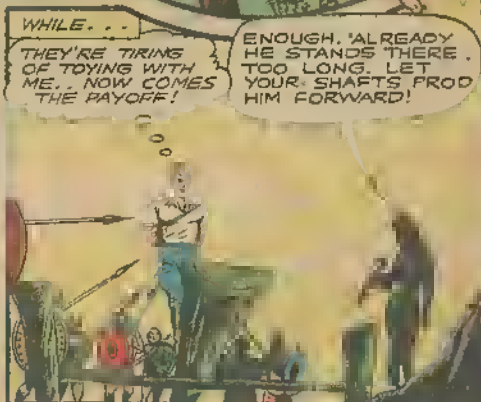
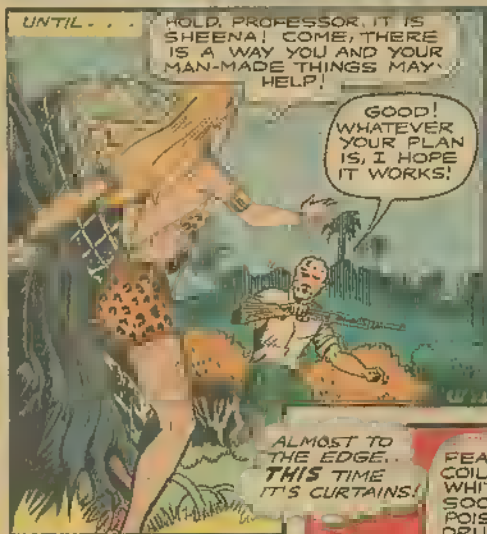
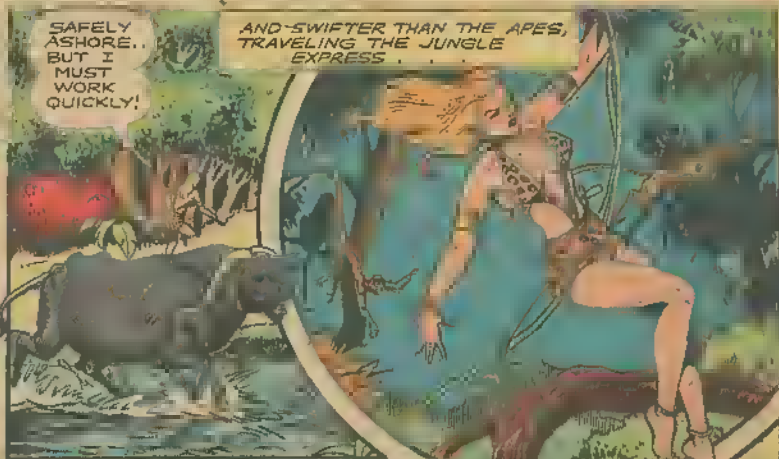
NOW COME, BRING FORTH  
THE MATE OF SHEENA...  
LET HIM BE THE FIRST  
TO WALK THE LOG!



THEY'RE DEVILS..  
THEY'LL TORTURE  
ME UNTIL THEIR  
EXCITEMENT  
REACHES FEVER  
PITCH, AND THEN  
DOWN I GO!

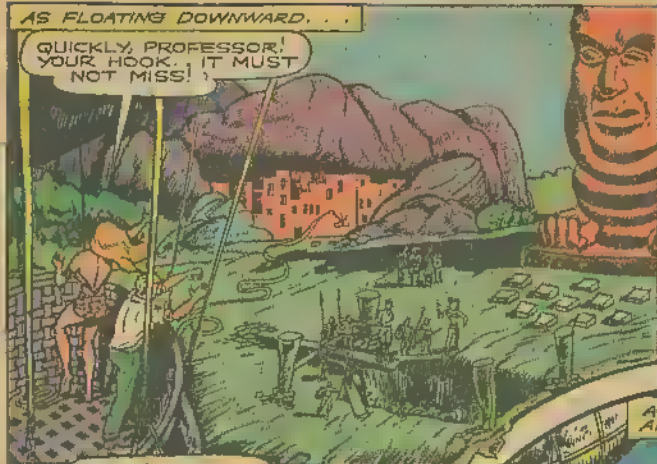






AS FLOATING DOWNWARD...

QUICKLY, PROFESSOR!  
YOUR HOOK... IT MUST  
NOT MISS!



WHEW!! I-I COULD  
ALMOST FEEL DEATH  
CLUTCHING AT ME!



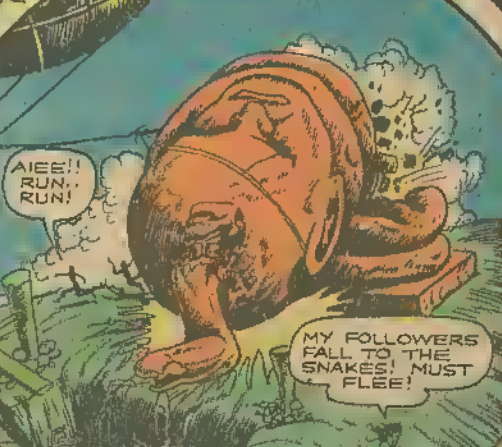
AGAIN THE HOOK SWINGS,  
AND THIS TIME...

FOOLS! IT IS BUT  
THE WHITE MAN  
AND HIS BAG THAT  
FLOATS! SPEAR  
THEM!



AIEE!!  
RUN!  
RUN!

MY FOLLOWERS  
FALL TO THE  
SNAKES! MUST  
FLEE!



BUT, LANCING DOWN...

HOLD, NETANNA!  
YOU'LL NOT  
ESCAPE  
SHEENA'S  
VENGEANCE!

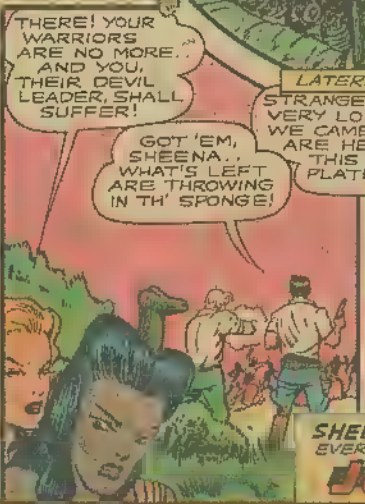
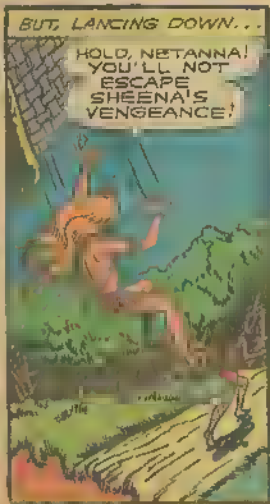
THERE! YOUR  
WARRIORS  
ARE NO MORE...  
AND YOU,  
THEIR DEVIL  
LEADER, SHALL  
SUFFER!

GOT 'EM,  
SHEENA...  
WHAT'S LEFT  
ARE THROWING  
IN TH' SPONGE!

LATER...

STRANGE, THE  
VERY LOST LANDS  
WE CAME SEEKING  
ARE HERE... ON  
THIS VERY  
PLATEAU!

STRANGE INDEED.  
PERHAPS THE  
JUNGLE GODS  
BROUGHT US  
HERE SO THAT  
EVIL COULD BE  
CONQUERED!



SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN, IN  
EVERY ISSUE OF  
**JUMBO Comics**

# ZX-5

# SPIES in ACTION

BY MAJOR THORPE

FOG DEEPENS THE NIGHT OVER JAPAN... BUT THROUGH IT SLIPS A U.S. FIGHTER...

THIS IS THE SPOT, SIR!

SO LONG, CHUM... UMBRIAGO!

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, SIR... GOOD LUCK!

BUT... BUT IS THIS MAN A FOOL?

SURE... A FOOL TO TALK THEM INTO LETTING ME TRY IT.

ZX-5'S LAST MISSION... OOP!

OH, A RICE PADDY! GOOD... I CAN HIDE THIS 'CHUTE BY DUNKING IT. OH! THE SIGNAL LIGHT!

SUDDENLY...

HEY! I DON'T RECALL THIS PART OF THE PLAN!



BUT WHEN ZX-5 RISES CAUTIOUSLY AGAIN...

GUESS I SHOULD HAVE BEEN FASTER WITH THIS COOLIE DISGUISE... OUR UNDERGROUND CONTACT MUST HAVE TAKEN ME FOR A REAL JAP. MM... THERE HE IS...



... THE PASSWORD...



SOON...

WHAT YOU ARE ATTEMPTING IS IMPOSSIBLE... BUT THOUGH WE ARE FEW, WE KOREAN PATRIOTS WILL HELP YOU!

JUST GET ME INTO THE PLACE IS ALL I ASK!



THEN COME THIS IS THE BEST WAY!



LATER...

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

ONLY HUMBLE SUZUKI WITH HONORABLE VOLUNTEER FOR FACTORY!



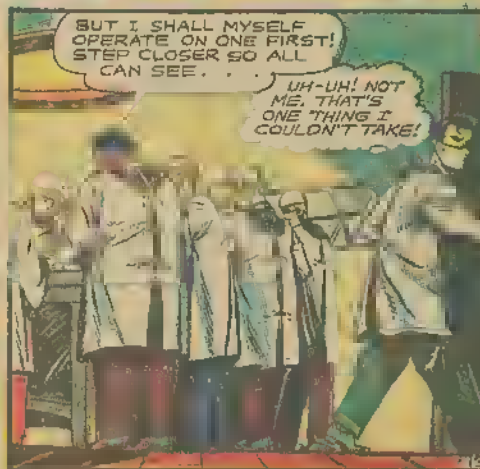
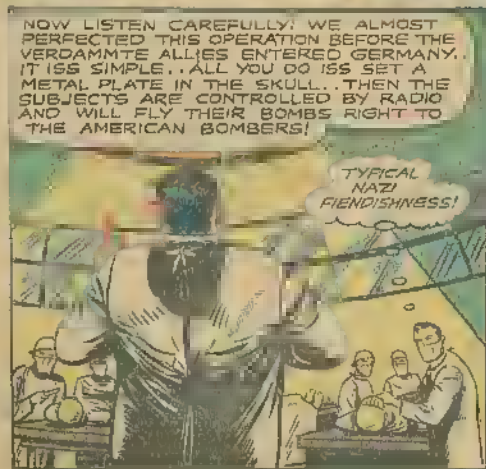
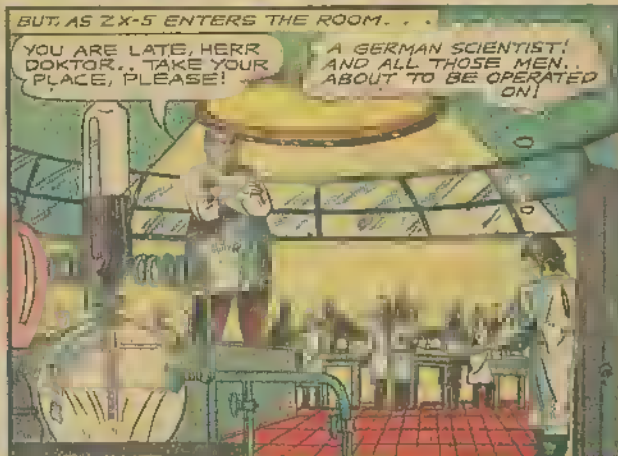
FROM NOW ON YOU HAVE ONLY YOUR WITS, MY FRIEND... WE ENTER MAIN PLANT HERE!



I CANNOT GO WITH YOU... I MUST REPORT FOR DUTY!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVEN GET THIS FAR!





BUT, IN THE VERY NEXT ROOM...

WHAT THE... THE ROCKET PLANES THOSE DEVILS ARE DOOMED TO FLY, AND NATURALLY STORED CLOSE BY... WHY, THE NEXT BUNCH ARE ALREADY SEATED... READY FOR OUR NEXT RAID!



SUDDENLY...

AIR RAID. I MUST LAUNCH THE BOMBS AT ONCE!



HE MUST BE THE MASTER PILOT WHO GUIDES THE BOMBS! AND THIS IS MY CHANCE!



AS THE FIRST ROCKET-BOMB ROARS AWAY, ZX-5 EDGES CLOSER... CLOSER.



THEN, AS THE MASTER PILOT TURNS TO HIS OWN SHIP...

YOUR TURN TO BE OPERATED ON

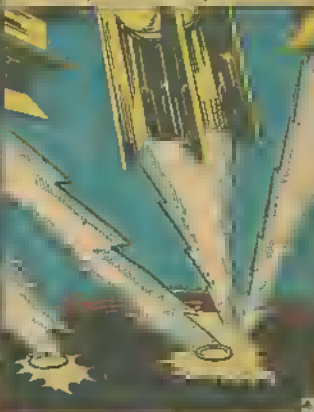


AND THEN...

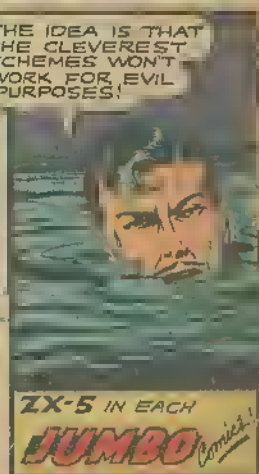
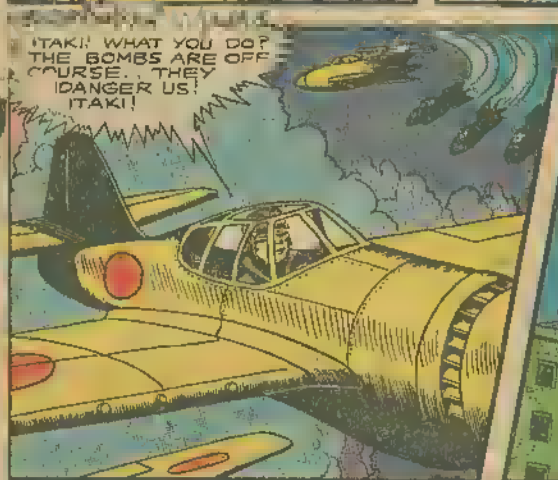
HOW AM I GOING TO LEARN TO RUN THIS? OH, OH, HERE WE GO!



WITH A RUSH AND A ROAR, ZX-5 IS CATAPULTED INTO THE SKY.



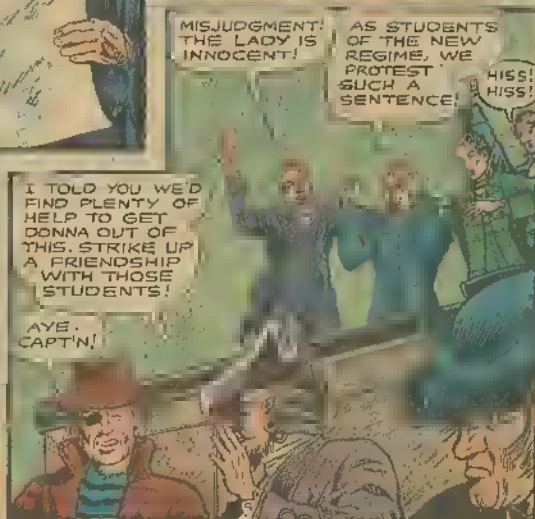
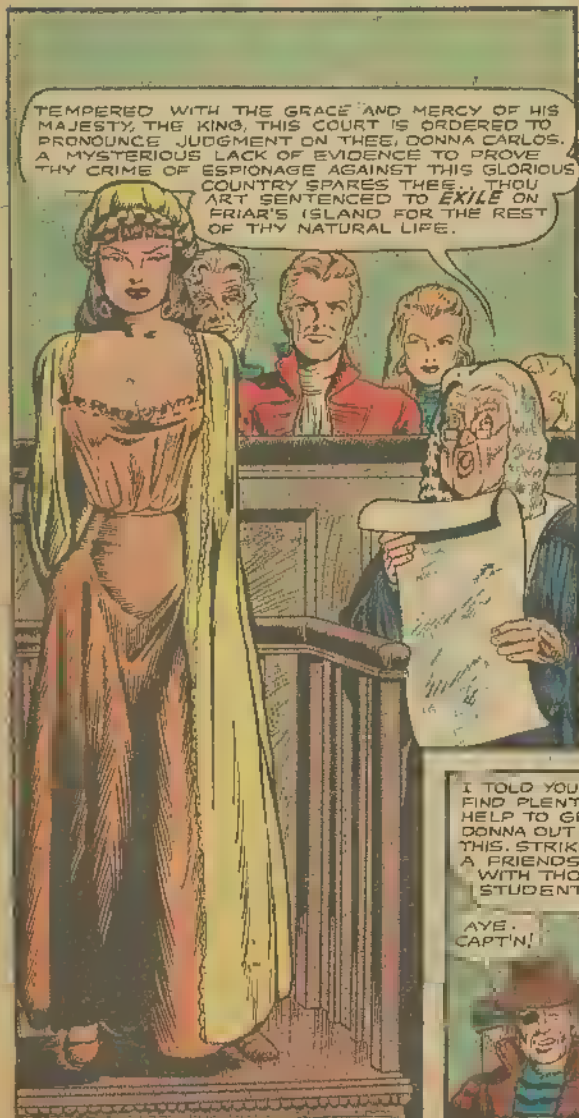


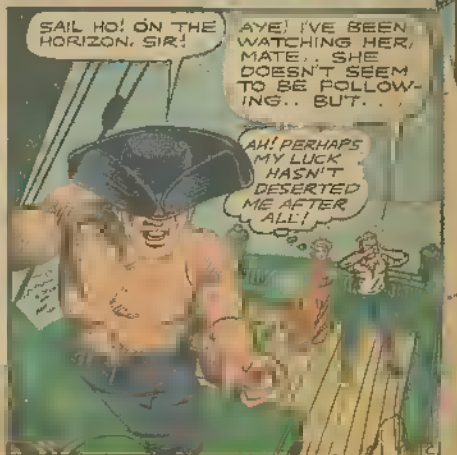
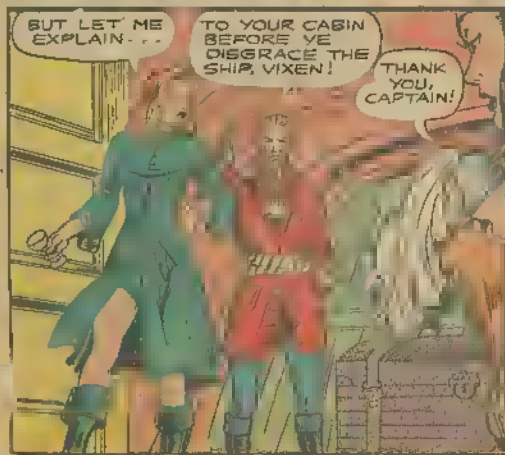
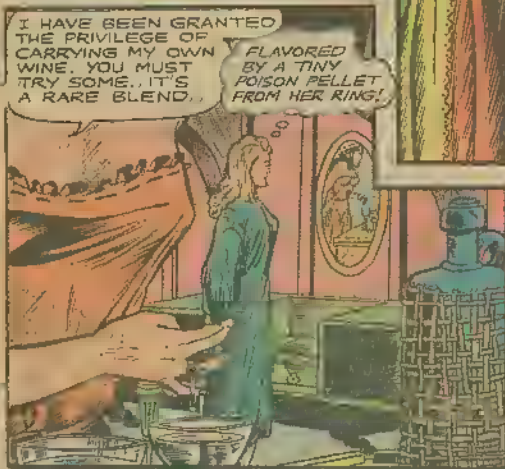
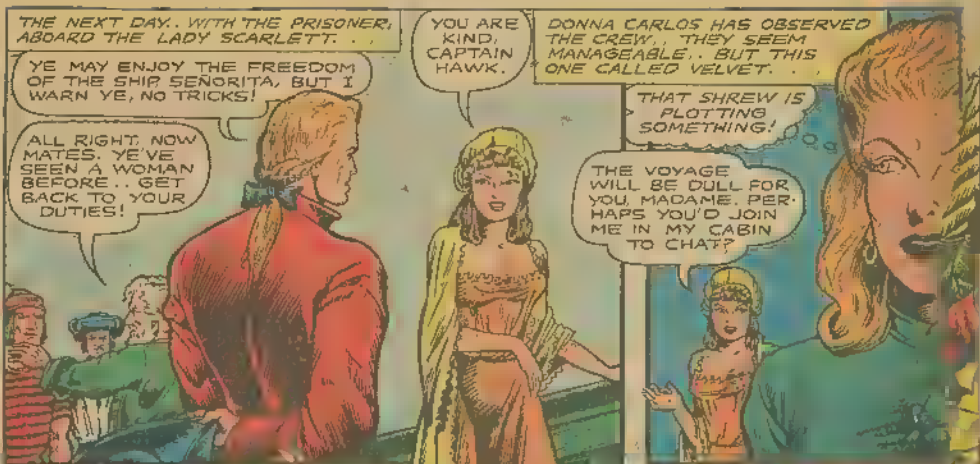


ZX-5 IN EACH  
**JUMBO** Comics!

# The Hawk

BY  
WILLIS  
RENSIE







MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE OTHER VESSEL . . .

WE DIDN'T PLAN ON ATTACKING THE HAWK. WE ARE ONLY INTERESTED IN THE GIRL. THIS IS PIRACY!

THEY SPY US! WE'D BEST CHANGE ROUTE AN' SURPRISE 'EM ON THE ISLAND!

QUIET, YE FOFS! OR YE'LL JIG FROM THE BOOM BY YER EDUCATED NECKS!

SOON THE LADY SCARLETT SIGHTS AND NEARS HER DESTINATION . . .



YOUR TROUBLES WILL SOON BE OVER, VELVET. THE SENORITA WILL BE DELIVERED TO THE MONASTERY BY THEN.

MIND YOUR TONGUE, YOUNG MAN, OR I'LL SLICE IT OFF FOR THE FISH TO NIBBLE ON!

IN THE DARKNESS OF EARLY MORN, THE PRISONER IS BROUGHT TO SHORE.

THE FLAG! AYE, IT'S THE GOOD FRIARS. ALL RIGHT! THEY AWAIT THE PRISONER!



GREETINGS. I HAVE BROUGHT A PRISONER AND IT IS MY DUTY TO SEE HER TO A CELL BEFORE I TAKE LEAVE OF YOUR ISLAND, BROTHER.

AS YOU SAY, CAPTAIN FOLLOW ME

IS WHAT I THINK TRUE, OR DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME?

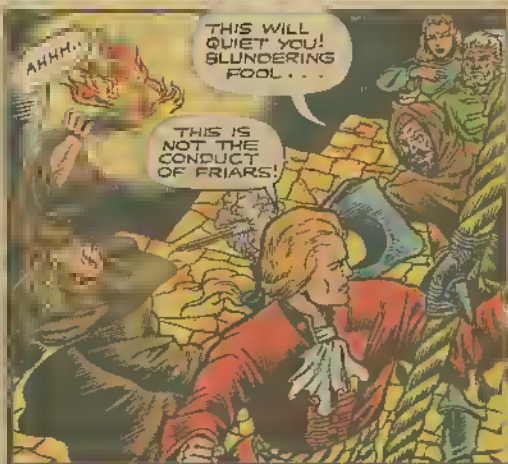
HAVE A CARE, STRANGERS. THE STAIRS ARE AS TREACHEROUS AS THEY ARE GLOOMY.





NOW MY NOBLE FRIEND.

EN GARDE!  
IT'S A TRAP,  
CAPTAIN HAWK!



AHHH...

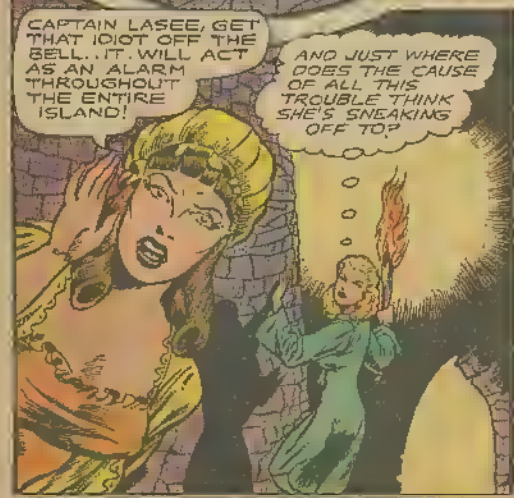
THIS WILL  
QUIET YOU!  
BLUNDERING  
FOOL...

THIS IS  
NOT THE  
CONDUCT  
OF FRIARS!



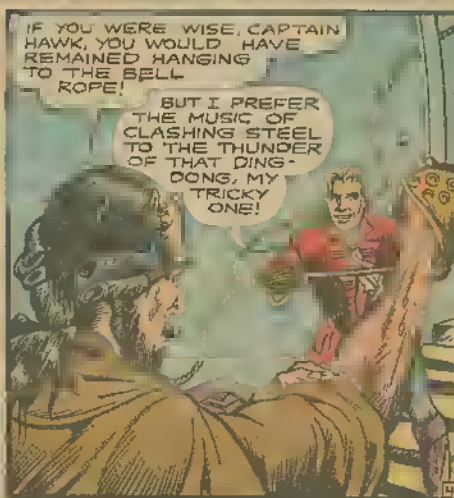
FALL TO YOUR WEAPONS,  
MATES. WE'VE WALKED  
INTO THE BLOODY  
HANDS OF DONNA  
CARLOS' FRIENDS!

THIS IS A  
CONVENIENT  
WAY TO CLEAN  
MY BOOTS...  
RIGHT IN  
REBEL  
FACES!



CAPTAIN LASEE, GET  
THAT IDIOT OFF THE  
BELL. IT WILL ACT  
AS AN ALARM  
THROUGHOUT  
THE ENTIRE  
ISLAND!

AND JUST WHERE  
DOES THE CAUSE  
OF ALL THIS  
TROUBLE THINK  
SHE'S SNEAKING  
OFF TO?



IF YOU WERE WISE, CAPTAIN  
HAWK, YOU WOULD HAVE  
REMAINED HANGING  
TO THE BELL  
- ROPE!

BUT I PREFER  
THE MUSIC OF  
CLASHING STEEL  
TO THE THUNDER  
OF THAT DING-  
DONG, MY  
TRICKY  
ONE!

CAPTAIN LASEE IS AN EXPERT SWORDSMAN, BUT HE DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT HE'S STEPPING INTO THIS TIME.

AND...

WAA... THIS IS A TRICK!

A TRICK IT IS THEN, BY YOUR OWN ADMISSION... AND A FANCY ONE AT THAT, CAPTAIN!

THIS IS THE BEST I'VE KNOWN YET, CAPTAIN HAWK! HIS MEN COULDN'T GET AWAY FAST ENOUGH FROM HIM AND HIS BELL RINGING!

I WOULD BE MORE INTERESTING TO SEE HIM DANGLE FROM HIS NECK!

GREETINGS! WHO LED YOU TO THIS ABANDONED BUILDING? AND WHO IS THE IMPATIENT BELL RINGER?

AH, THE TRUE FRIARS! WE'VE COME TO DELIVER ONE PRISONER, BUT IT SEEMS WE HAVE A FEW OTHERS!

IT'S A LONG STORY! FATHERS, BUT A GOOD ONE!

HELP! HELP!

HELP? WHAT HELP DO YOU NEED? YOU SEEM TO BE DOING VERY WELL INDEED!

WHAT NOW? BY NEPTUNE, IT'S VELVET... I ALMOST FORGOT. FOLLOW ME, CALES... LOOKS LIKE MORE TROUBLE!

OH! STOP HER!

HEL!  
HELP!  
HELP!

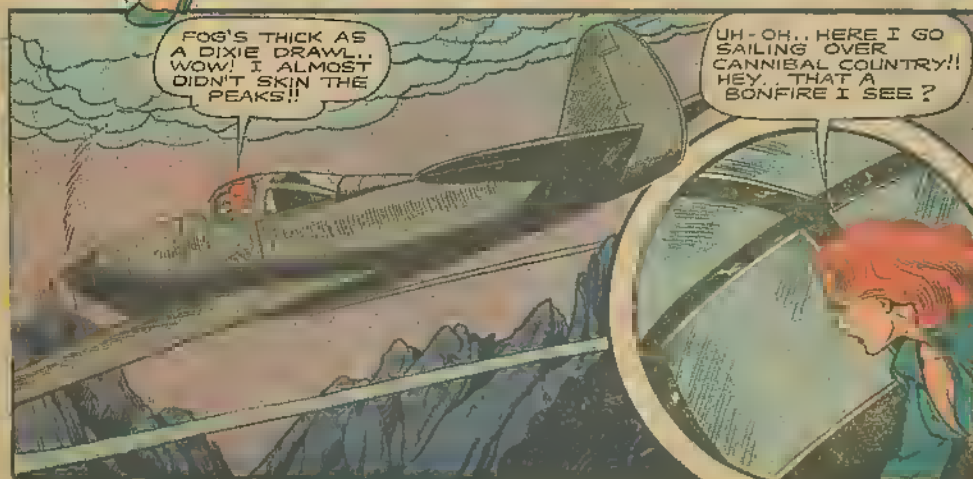
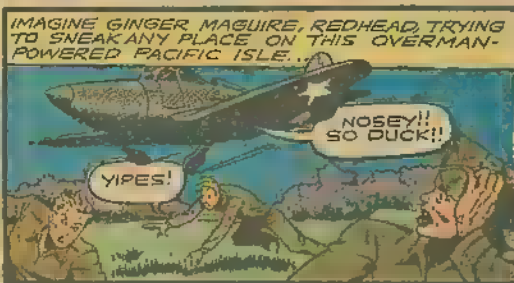
THE HAWK AND HIS MERRY CREW ARE A REGULAR FEATURE OF

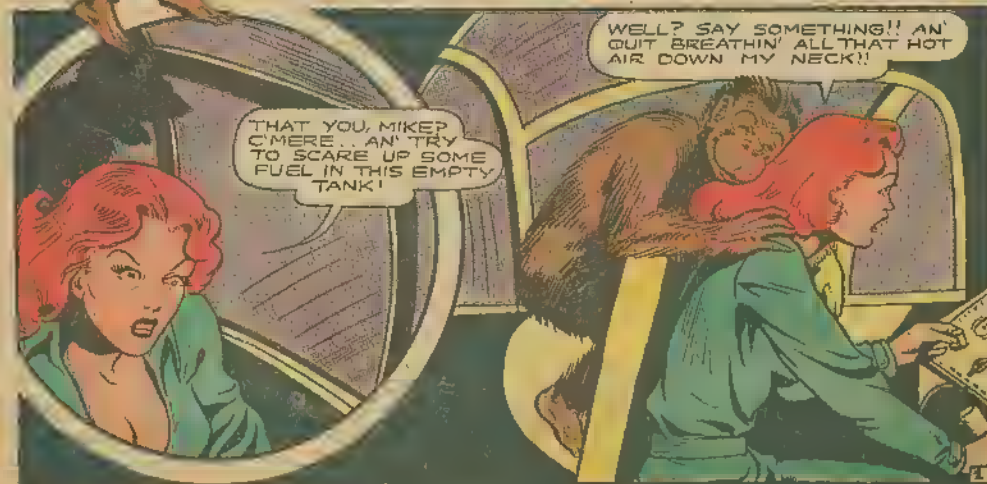
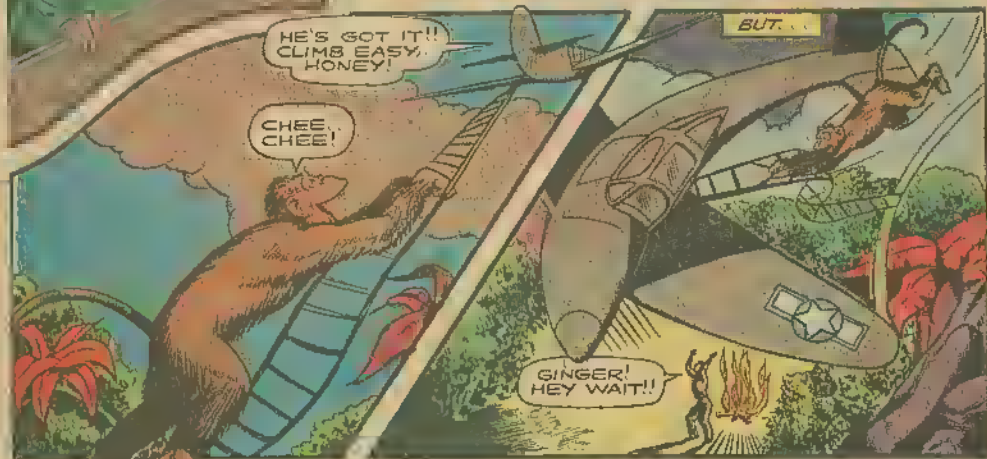
**JUMBO** Comics!

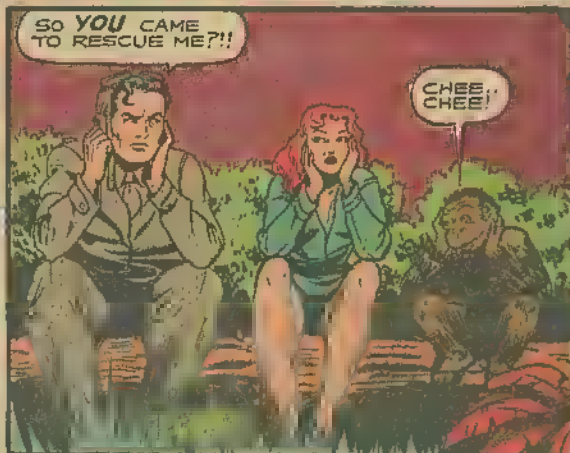


# SKY GIRL

BY BILL  
GIBSON



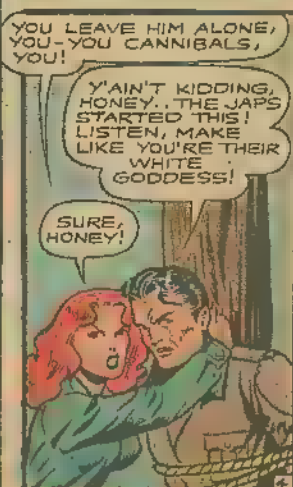
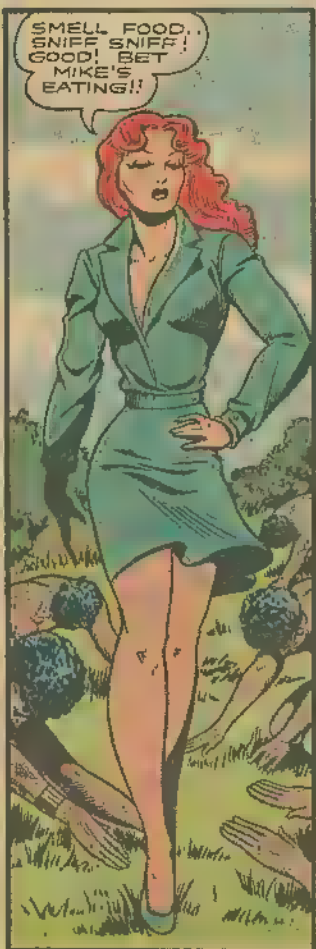
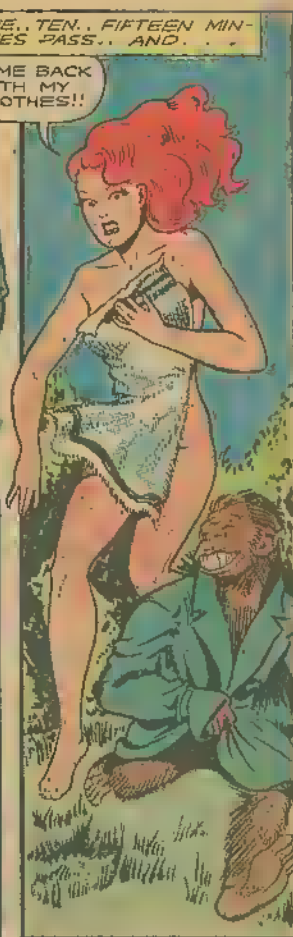
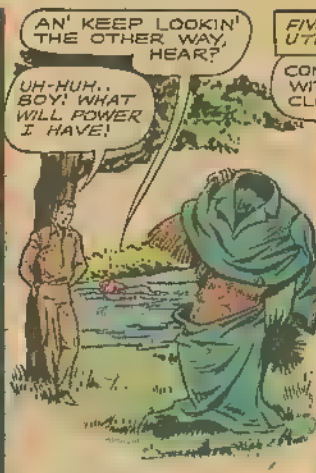


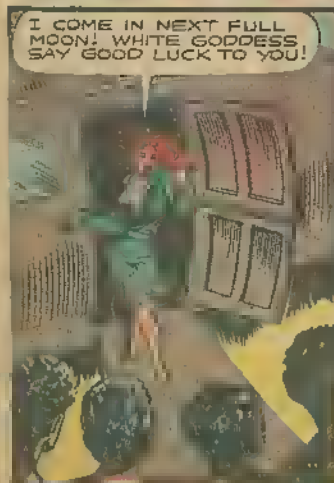
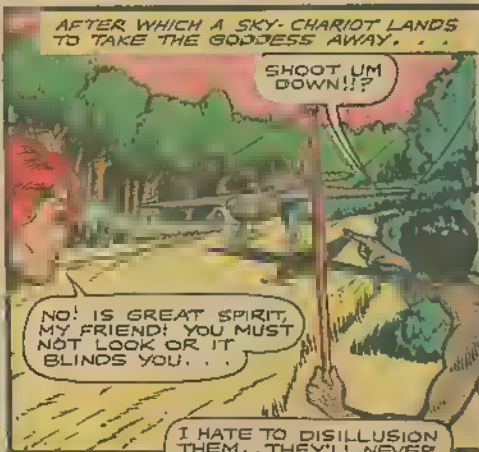
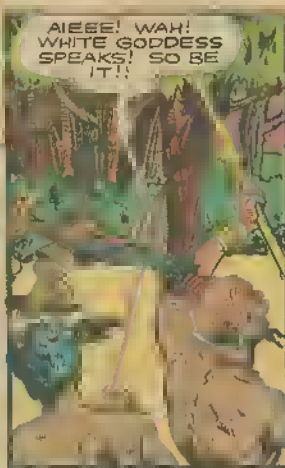


MEANWHILE.. IN A HEADHUNTER VILLAGE NEARBY..









# THE GHOST GALLERY

by DREW  
MURDOCH

On through the night roared the train,  
And the fates smiled as they rattled  
their dice box of death, for some on  
board would die... but a murderer  
must live!



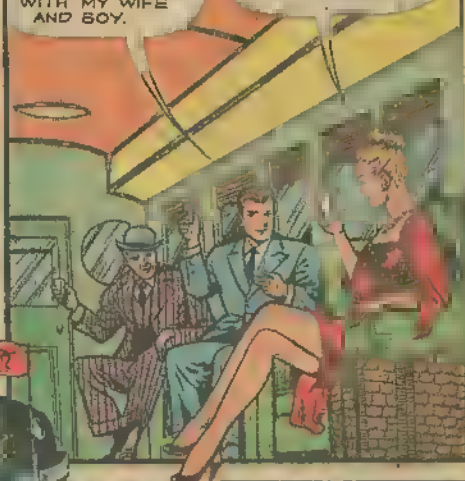
JUST CALL ME JAKE... I'M IN  
THE MOVIE BUSINESS... MADE  
MANY HISTORIC FILMS... BUT  
I'M DRINKING THIS TO MY  
NEXT... IT'LL BE A  
MASTERPIECE!



IN THE CAR...

BRUCE ALLEN'S THE  
NAME... HERE'S TO MY  
LAST TRIP ON THE  
ROAD! I'VE BEEN  
PROMOTED AND  
FROM NOW ON I'LL  
BE LIVING HOME  
WITH MY WIFE  
AND BOY.

MY NAME'S GRACE  
DUNLOR, YOU'LL BE  
SEEING IT IN HEAD-  
LINES... I'VE BEEN  
SENT FOR TO TAKE  
OVER THE LEAD IN  
THE FOLLIES!

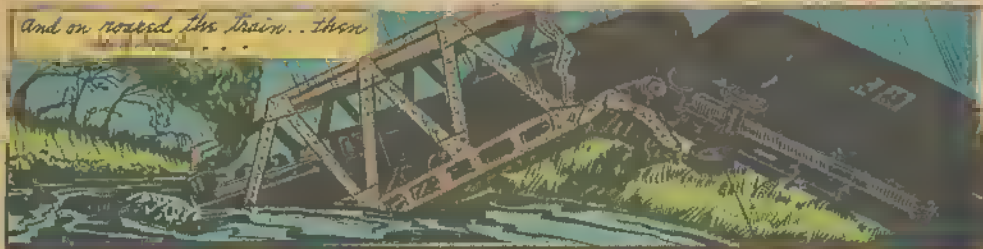


But ahead...





And on roared the train... then



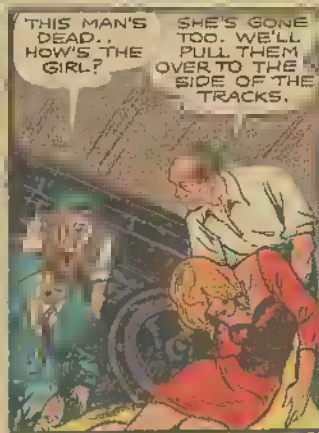
And minutes later...

QUICK, YOU GUYS, GIMME A HAND HERE! THERE'S A COUPLE UNDER THIS CAR.



THIS MAN'S DEAD... HOW'S THE GIRL?

SHE'S GONE TOO. WE'LL PULL THEM OVER TO THE SIDE OF THE TRACKS.



But...

HOLY SMOKE, AM I THE LUCKY STIFF.. I THOUGHT MY NUMBER WAS UP THAT TIME!



PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF.. I AM MR. USHER AND I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU WITH ME.

I WANT TO GO HOME TO MY WIFE AND BOY.. IT'S NOT FAIR.

A FAIR QUESTION! YOU BOTH DESERVE TO KNOW.. SO I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU.. COME!



I KNOW YOU.. YOU'RE DEATH.. GO AWAY.. GO AWAY!

AND I HAVE MY CAREER.. I'M YOUNG.. WHY SHOULD I DIE?



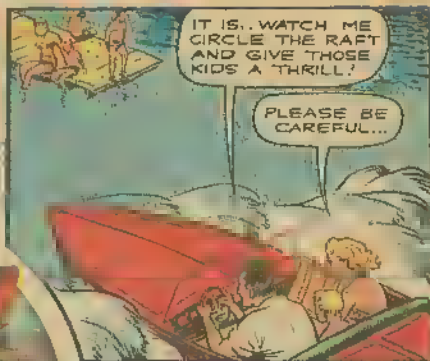
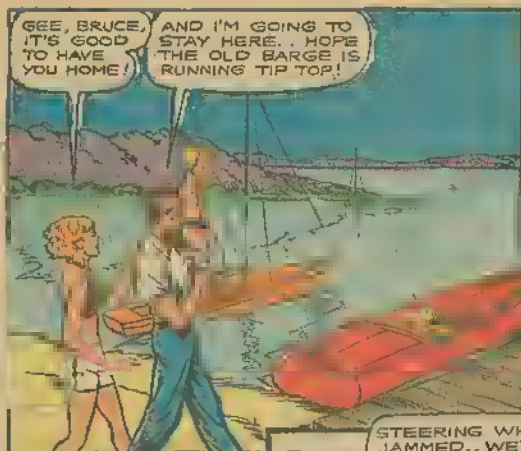
GRACE.. WHERE ARE WE.. WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW.. BUT LOOK UP THERE.

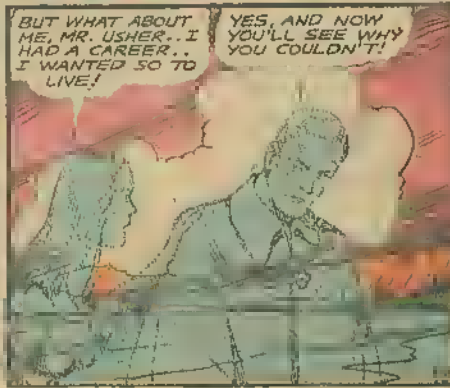
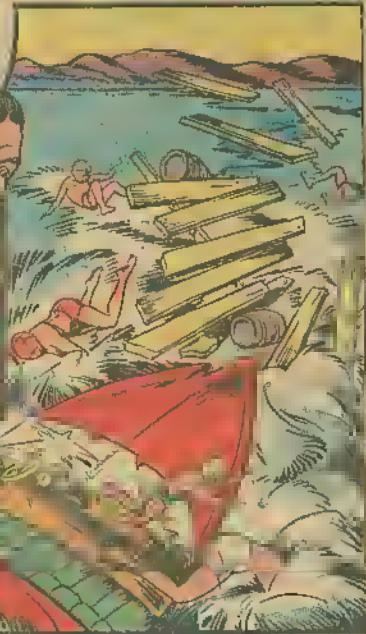


And so, the future became the present...





STEERING WHEEL'S JAMMED.. WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

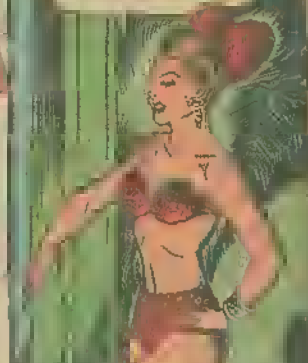


And then suddenly on the Great White Way...

SO YOU'RE GIVING ME THE CAN, EH? WHAT'S THAT GRACE DUNLOP GAL GOT THAT I AIN'T?

SORRY, DAISY, BUT SHE'S A DAUGHTER OF ONE OF THE OWNER'S FRIENDS. THERE GOES THE CURTAIN.

OH I'M JUST A LITTLE GAL FROM OUT IN THE STICKS, BUT I KNOW ALL THE CITY SLICKER'S TRICKS...



I MADE THIS SHOW AND NOW THEY'RE THROWING ME OUT. I DESERVE A CHUNK OF THE PROFITS, SO I'LL JUST GO IN AND HELP MYSELF!

MANAGER



Seconds later...

THAT DUNLOP GALS HAS WHAT IT TAKES. SHE'LL GO OVER - WHAT TH?

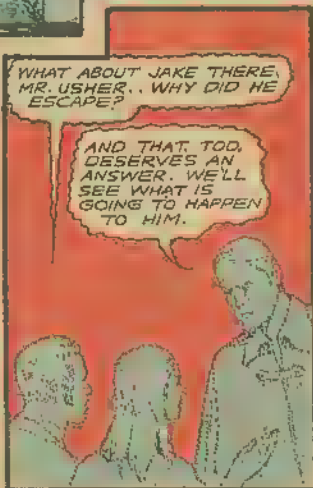
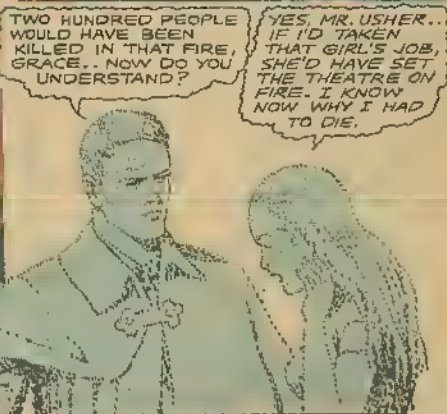
SIXTEEN HUNDRED SMACKERS. CRIPES, THE BOSS!



WHY, YOU LOUSY LITTLE CROOK I'LL JAIL YOU FOR THIS!







and again.

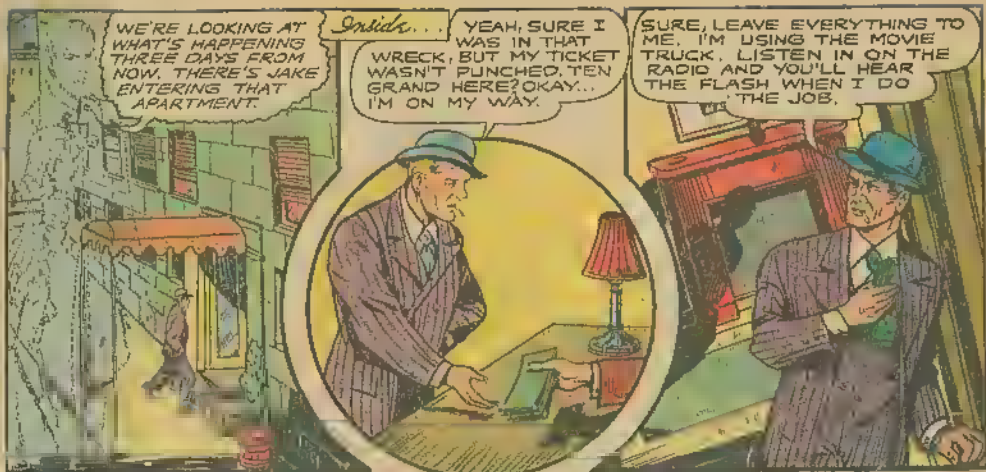


WE'RE LOOKING AT WHAT'S HAPPENING THREE DAYS FROM NOW. THERE'S JAKE ENTERING THAT APARTMENT.

Inside...

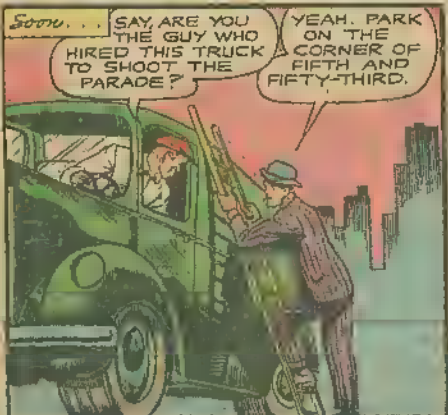
YEAH, SURE I WAS IN THAT WRECK, BUT MY TICKET WASN'T PUNCHED. TEN GRAND HERE? OKAY... I'M ON MY WAY.

SURE, LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME. I'M USING THE MOVIE TRUCK. LISTEN IN ON THE RADIO AND YOU'LL HEAR THE FLASH WHEN I DO THE JOB.



SOME... SAY, ARE YOU THE GUY WHO HIRED THIS TRUCK TO SHOOT THE PARADE?

YEAH. PARK ON THE CORNER OF FIFTH AND FIFTY-THIRD.



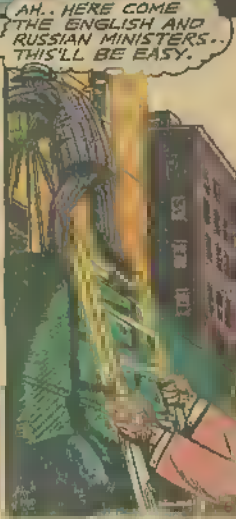
For it is the deliverance... of ministers from all over the world have come to sign the peace.

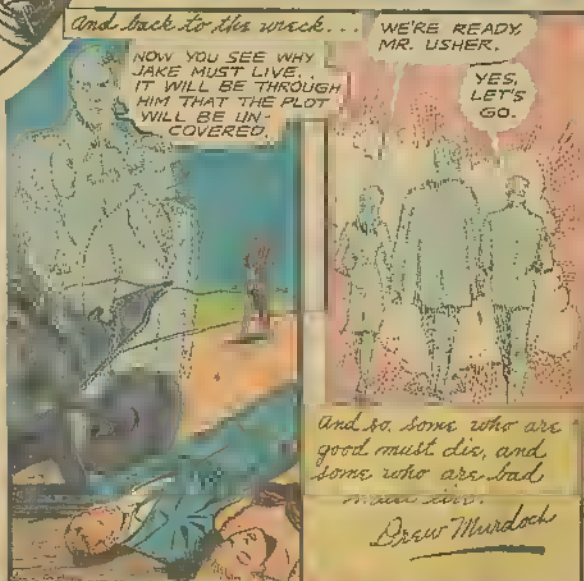
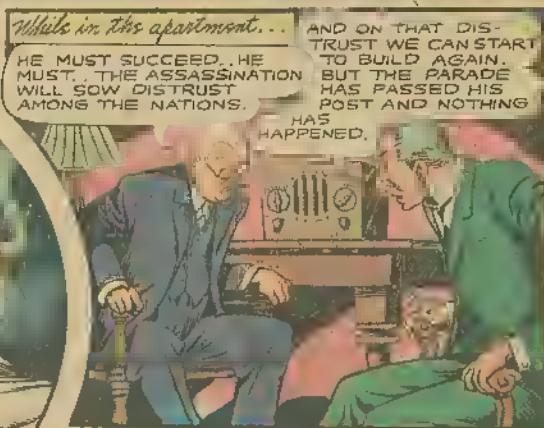


and the parade approaches Fifth Ave. and Third Street.



AH... HERE COME THE ENGLISH AND RUSSIAN MINISTERS... THIS'LL BE EASY.







# THE BIG

# OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...  
JAM-PACKED WITH  
FAST ACTION AND  
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25<sup>TH</sup>



ON SALE-25<sup>TH</sup>



ON SALE-1<sup>ST</sup>



Why?  
Guess?  
Get the  
best!



ON SALE-1<sup>ST</sup>



ON SALE-5<sup>TH</sup>



ON SALE-10<sup>TH</sup>

LOOK FOR THE BULL'S-EYE.....

